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GRAND

Miscellaneous Concert,

IN THE MUSIC HALL,

On Thursday Eve'ng, 1st May, 1862,

TO COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Conductor, - - - - - Mr. CARTER.

LEADER PRINT.

A 42362



MAY 7 1937

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Montreal



WORDS
OF
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

GIVEN BY THE
TORONTO MUSICAL UNION,
AT THE MUSIC HALL,
On Thursday Evening, 1st May, 1862.

PART I.

1. Overture—(Two Pianos, four performers)—**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**.....*Mendelssohn*.

DR. STRATHY, MESSRS. C. & E. PEILER, and MR. CARTER.

This Overture was composed some time before the Opera of the same name; the latter was composed in the year 1843, at the command of **FREDERICK WILLIAM, IV**, and first performed in Potsdam on the 12th of October in the same year.

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2. Glee—"AWAKE, ÆOLIAN LYRE.".....*Darby*.

Awake Æolian Lyre, and give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs,
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Cere's golden reign;
Now, headlong impetuous, see it pour,
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

-
3. Madrigal—"SOON AS I CARELESS STRAYED.".....*Festa*.

Soon as I careless strayed, fond youth with eyes averted,
Phillis I met, by all the swains deserted;
Swift she, (tho' late so coy) then flew to meet me;
My back I turned all deaf to her entreaty;
She warbled thus her ditty: O Shepherd now have pity,

And to your faithful lover, your passion true discover;
Then did I cold and haughty view her, and thus replied unto her
The love that's won by gold will prove undoing;
So since my purse is empty, I'll go no more a wooing.

4. Chorus—"HASTE THEE NYMPH.".....*Handel.*

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee, jest and youthful jollity;
Sport that wrinkled care derides, and laughter holding both his
sides. Ha, ha, ha.

5. Grand Sonata—"Op. 26 in A flat.".....*Beethoven.*

MR. JOHN CARTE.

It has been said "Beethoven's gigantic genius would have signalized an epoch in any century." The above Sonata was composed in the year 1802, it consists of a "*Tema con Variazioni*," a "*Scherzo*," a "*Marche funebre sulla la Morte d'un Eroë*," and a finale, each possessing its own characteristic. The "*Marche funebre*," created such a sensation that after its appearance several hundred Marches were composed after its model, but this alone of them all has lived.

The study of this class of music has unfortunately been much neglected, it is now, however, becoming the fashionable music of the day, and forms an important feature in the programme of Concerts in the old country. It has been introduced with great success in the sister cities of Montreal and Quebec, but it is believed this is the first time it has been introduced to the public in Toronto.

6. Four part Song—"ON THE SEA.".....*Mendelssohn.*

New life I breathe while on the sea, all other joys I scorn.
From care and sorrow free, on nature's bosom borne!
We onward speed right gallantly, o'er mountain billows tow'ring
high,

Our bark securely rides.

Say, what cause for tears or sorrow?

Why unwelcome trouble borrow?

Hence, thou dream I'm on the sea,

This is love and life to me

7. Song—"THE WAY TO PARADISE.".....*Blumenthal.*

At an hospital gate she stood,

Poor child, to demand her mother.

"Begone!" said a gate-keeper rude,

"There's none for thee here, get another."

"O mother's here, is here, I know!"

Replies the child, her knocks repeating,

When one, more mild to her entreating,

to discover;
thus replied unto her
ing;
wooing.

.....*Handel.*
and youthful jollity;
ter holding both his

.....*Beethoven.*

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.....*Mendelssohn.*

oys I scorn.
borne!
ain billows tow'ring

sorrow?

row?
e sea,

.....*Blumenthal.*

mother."

ating,
ting,

Is touch'd to see her weeping so.

"Cheer, O cheer thee, mother's near thee!

Dry thy tears, her journey lies

On the way to paradise!"

And the child that way would know,

And questions eagerly each stranger,

"Poor girl! 'tis a long way to go,

And rough the road, and full of danger."

But by hope, still her feet are led,

The pious pilgrimage pursuing,

And faith her courage keeps renewing,

While charity supplies her bread.

Ever hoping, never drooping,

For she thinks her journey lies

On the way to Paradise!

One ev'ning, too weary to stand,

With hunger faint, a shepherd heeds her,

And he takes the child by her hand,

And on to a convent he leads her.

The sisters hurry to the door!

Too late! the child grows pale and shivers;

'Tis death that in mercy delivers,

And in heav'n the mother restores.

God before her thither bore her,

And now the child's journey lies

On the way to Paradise.

Yes, now the child's journey lies

On the way to Paradise!

8. Glee—"THE CLOUD CAP'T TOW'RS.".....*Sir R. J. Stevens.*

The cloud cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,
the great globe itself; yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve, and
like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.

9. Trio—"THROUGH THE WORLD WILT THOU FLY.".....*Balse.*

Thaddeus,—

Through the world wilt thou fly love,

From the world with me;

Wilt thou fortune's frown defy love,

As I will for thee.

Mr. Kemp. Mr. Bennett & Mr. R. H. Gray

Artine,—

Through the world I would fly love,
From the world with thee;
Could I hush a father's sigh love,
That would heave for me.

Devilshoof,—

Come, come, all the world hither fly now,
Come away with me, never let a lover's sigh
Ruin bring on thee.

Devilshoof,—

A moment more and your doom is cast!

Artine,—

The hopes that were brightest, the dreams of the past,
In the fulness of promise recede.
And render the prospect dark indeed.

Devilshoof—Escape is hopeless.

Artine—Enter here, where detection we need not fear.

Trio—Thro' the World, &c. &c.

10. CHORUS—THE TICKLING TRIO..... *Martine*.

Don't tickle me I pray, come, let me alone I say,
You'll make me laugh that way, Ha, ha, ha, ha.

PART II.

1. Duett—Two Pianos—1st Movement.... *Beethoven*.

This Sonata was composed in the year 1800, and is generally as well known as any of Beethoven's Music.

2. Glee—WHEN WINDS BREATHE SOFT..... *Webbe*.

When winds breathe soft along the silent deep,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep.
A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes.
The surface roughens and the ocean shakes.
More dreadful still when furious storms arise,
The mountain billows bellow to the skies.
On liquid rocks the tott'ring vessels toss'd,
Unnumbered surges lash the foaming coast.
The raging waves, excited by the blast,
Whiten with wrath and split the sturdy mast.

When in an instant, He who rules the floods,
 Earth, air and fire, Jehovah, God of Gods!
 In pleasing accents speaks his Sovereign will,
 And bids the waters and the winds be still.
 Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar,
 Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.
 Now say what joy elates the sailors' breast,
 With prosp'rous gale so unexpected blest;
 What ease, what transport, in each face is seen,
 The heavens look bright, the air and sea serene;
 For every plaint we hear a joyful strain,
 To Him whose power unbounded rules the main.

3. Madrigal—"SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.".....*Forde.*

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd to honour and renown you,
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish my heart had never known you,
 What I that lov'd, and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?
 No, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

The sun whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,
 And your sweet beauty, past compare, made my poor eyes the
 bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights, and signs of kindness bind
 me,

There, O there! where'er I go, I leave my heart behind me.

4. Duett and Chorus—"MISERERE." (*Il Trovatore*).*Verdi.*

MR. AND MRS. STEWART.

Miserere d'un alma già vicina,
 Alla partenza che non ha ritorno
 Miserere di lei bontà divina
 Preda non sia del infernal soggiorno.

Leo,—

Quel suon quelle preci, solenni, funeste
 Empiron quell' aere dicupo terror!
 Contende l'ambascia, che tutta m'investe,
 Al eabbro il respiro, i palpiti alcor,

Trovatore,—

Ah! che la morte ognora,
 Etarda nel venir a chi de-sia morir!
 Addio, Leonora addio!

Leo,—

Sull' orrida torre ahi! par che la morte,
Con ali di tenebre librando si va,
Ah forse dischiuse gli fian queste porte sol quando
Cadaver gia freddo sara, quando cadaver freddo serà.

Trovatore,—

Sconto col sangue mio, L'amor che posi in te
Non ti scordar di me addio Leonora addio!

Leo,—

Di te scordarmi, Sento mancarmi.

5. Four Part Song.—HUNTING SONG.....*Mendelssohn*

O'er mountain unclouded the sun rises bright,
The vale yet enshrouded in shadowy night,
Loud peals to the morning at break of day,
The shrill bugle warning oh, come, come away!

Now meadow, now river, now cloud, now light,
They flash and they glimmer, they fade from the sight,
No broad dashing torrent the rider can stay,
On, on, to the chase, then away, away, come away.

Ever onward and onward the loud huzza,
Thro' forest and woodland is heard from afar,
Oh raptured emotion, soul thrilling to me,
Proud heaveth the bosom, fearless and free.

6. Piano Forte—*LIEDER OHNE WORTE**Mendelssohn*.

Nos. 2 and 6, Book 3.—No. 5, Book 1.—and No. 6, Book 5.

MR. JOHN CARTER.

Mendelssohn may be said to be the originator of this style of composition. He frequently played his "Lieder," before they were published in the *GEWAND HAUS CONCERTS* in Leipzig, where he was Conductor.

7. Glee—"SEE THE CHARIOT AT HAND.".....*Horsley*.

See the chariot at hand, here, of love, wherein my lady rideth
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car love rideth.

As she goes, all hearts do duty, unto her beauty,
And enamour'd do wish, so they might enjoy such a sight
That they still were to run by her side,

Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.
 Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have pluck'd it?
 Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Ha' you felt the wool o' the beaver?
 O'er swans' down ever? O'er have smelt o' the bud o' the briar
 Or the nard in the fire? Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
 O, so white, O, so soft, O, so sweet is she.

8. Four part Song—"O, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WITH ME."

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown.
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare.
 Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,
 Where thou art fairest of the fair.
 And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,
 Strew flow'rs and drop the tender tear.
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

9. Trio—"YES! BROTHER, YES! IT IS THE MIDNIGHT DRUM." *Rodwell.*

Messrs. MADISON, HALL AND ARCHER.

Yes! brother, yes! it is the midnight drum
 Falls on the ear so blithe, so clear;
 Telling the sentinel the hour is come,
 Of welcome rest his heart to cheer.
 But if again the trumpet sounds,
 No more he dreams of soft repose;
 With valor straight his bosom bounds,
 He pants to meet his country's foes.
 Yes! brother, yes! hark! hark!

10. Solo—"ADELAIDE".....*Beethoven.*

MISS KEMP.

This Air was composed in the year 1798 or 1799; the original Poem was written by Matthison. Beethoven wrote of it to him, that it was so beautiful he was afraid to let him see his composition as he was afraid the music would not approach it.

Lonely wanders thy friend in spring's green garden,
Mildly streameth the magic light around him,
As through trembling blossom twigs it quivers.
Adelaide.

In the mirror-like stream, in snows on Alp hills,
In the vanishing daylight's golden cloudlets;
In the fields of the stars, too, gleams thine image, thine image
Adelaide!

Ev'ning winds in the tender leaves are whispering,
Silver may-bells amid the cool grass rustling.
Waters murmur'ing and nightingales keep fluting.
Adelaide!

Soon, O wonder! upon my grave behold it,
Springs a flow'et from out my heart's cold ashes, yes,
Plainly glimmers on ev'ry purple petal.
Adelaide!

11. Four part Song—"THE FOREST BIRDS.".....*Mendelssohn.*

To shady woods now stealing,
Together let us rove.
For merry notes are pealing,
O'er hill and verdant grove.
Oh! that to me t'were given,
Like you to soar above.
Pour forth glad notes to heaven,
And sing of joy and love.
How happy, ah! how joyous,
Thus sorrowless to be.
No trouble to annoy us,
From care and danger free.

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